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THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

ABERDEEN, MISSISSIPPI

THE HISTORY OF COMPANY K,
27TH MISSISSIPPI INFANTRY,
AND ITS FIRST AND LAST MUSTER ROLLS

BY: R. A. JARMAN

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THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

The Right: Nor Courting Favor, Nor Fearing Condemnation.

Aberdeen, Mississippi, Friday, January 31, 1890

NO. 44

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman

The History of Company K, 27th
Mississippi Infantry, and its
First and Last Muster Rolls.

Editors Examiner--

According to promise I herewith inclose a copy of the first and last muster rolls of Company K, 27th Regiment Mississippi Infantry, during the late unpleasantness between the States. Strictly speaking, it was at first known as "Enfield Riflemen," because the company armed and equipped itself with short rifles and sabre bayonets after the Enfield pattern, made by Cook & Bro;, New Orleans, La., for which the company paid \$50 per gun, or \$5,000 for one hundred. We were mustered into the service of the Confederate States at Aberdeen, Mississippi at the old Fair grounds, for one year, by Lieutenant J. S. Lanier, on September 27, 1861. We remained in camp at Aberdeen until about November 18th, 1861, when we were ordered to Mobile, Alabama, where we did guard duty until February 12th, 1862, when we were ordered to Pensacola, Florida, to do general picket and guard duty, and to manage some coast batteries between Warrenton navy yard and old Fort Barrancas. While there we had a hand in dismounting and shipping all the heavy guns in batteries at Forts Barrancas and McRea, that were sent from there to Mobile and Vicksburg, also all of the heavy machinery out of the navy yard. We also bore a hand in the final destruction of the navy yard by preparing combustibles and placing one or more large loaded shells in every building and getting everything ready for the cavalry to fire when we evacuated on the night of May 12th, 1862.

While we were stationed at the navy yard we had good and comfortable quarters, and every convenience in the way of water, kitchens, etc., but

the fleas were our great pest by night and day; but we had fresh fish whenever we wanted them, either by seine or hook and line. On one occasion we caught enough at one haul of the seine to feed three regiments and a battalion, and had remaining over more than would fill a common two-horse wagon bed. While there a schooner run the blockade at the mouth of Perdido river, and had to be dismantled and burned to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Yankees, and among her stores were a lot of old rusty muskets, medicine and a considerable lot of rum which had to be hauled on wagons to Pensacola, and one night at the wagon yard, Burton, a servant of Dan Willis, discovered that the wagon master and teamsters had stolen and hidden in the sand under a house, a barrel of the rum. So next day he "gave it away," and five or six of the men got a cart and horse from a Dago on the island and went to the wagon yard and captured the prize and brought it to the navy yard and put it in a closet just in rear of a building in which company officers were quartered, and drew it only at night, and I assure you they had a gay old time while it lasted. Every morning at roll call it smelled very strong, and Capt. John B. Sale would lecture them about it--they only let him smell "but nary a taste" did he ever get. During our stay in the navy yard the company was re-organized for the war and Capt. Sale was again elected.

We again arrived at Mobile, May 13th, 1862, at night; quartered that night in a cotton warehouse. Next day we moved back to our old quarters, Camp Beulah, four miles out on Spring Hill road, and on the land of Major Evans, the father of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the authoress of Beulah, etc. I now leave the company at Mobile. More, perhaps hereafter.

Yours,
R.A. Jarman

Muster B, Company K, 27th Mississippi Infantry.

John B. Sale, Captain.

JW Hill, 3rd Corp.,
WP Grizzle, 4th Corp.

Wm B. Evans, 1st Lt.,

WH Saunders, 2d Ltl,

AV Snowden, 3rd Lt.,

TB Smith, 1st Sergt.,

WB Ogburn, 2nd Sergt.

WA McMillan, 3rd Srgt

EO Lyles, 4th Srgt.,

BA Allen, 5th Srgt.,

TD Williamson, 1st Corp.

HV Mayfield, 2nd Corp.,

PRIVATES

Anglin, JS

Baker, AL

Bishop, John L

Bishop, W Ira

Bradford, John D

Bradford, Henry B

Brock, Quedellas W

Bryan, Jasiah E

Bonner, T Asbury

Carr, Thomas W

Carroll, Jessie

Lagrone, George W

Lewis, John L

Maxwell, James W

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Company K, 27th Mississippi Infantry Muster--Privates, Continued

Montgomery, J.M	Hawkins, Felix G
Moore, AW	Hill, Robert E
Marshall, James W	Hollis, William
Mayes, Robert L	Henley, William C
Meador, JM	Hendrix, Marion J
Mealer, JM	Inman, John J
Newshal, Zack	Jarman, R. Amos
Minnis, Robert A	Jones, Robert C
McKinney, Thomas B	Lantrip, FM
McKinney, J Benjaman	Lantrip, John B
Nash, Edmond D	Thrailkill, James
Nash, William M	Townsend, John B
Peters, John R	Thompson, Samuel E
Peters, Richerd H	Truland, John G
Powell, Anderson Q	Tubb, Benj. F
Puckett, William H	Thompson, James S
Puckett, Allen C	Ware, Nicholas O
Pullen, Nathan F	Watson, P Marion
Porter, Theoderic S	Westbrook, William N
Camp, Oscar F	Westbrook, John A
Check, James H	White, James W
Colley, JS L	White, Hunley V
Cosby, Brury A	White, James M
Cowley, William S	White, Hiram L
Cox, Rufus J	Whitley, Robert H
Daughtrey, Barnes G	Whatley, Wilson, Jr.
Dean, William F	Willis, Daniel W.
Edge, Hiram C	Wofford, Robert H.
Evans, F Marion	Wofford, William F
Fears, James M	Savage, Zacariah T
Fortson, Wm. D	Savely, James R
Gibson, Benjamin F	Smith, Julian E
Gladney, John S	Smith, James M.
Grady, John A	
Hall, Wm Jefferson	

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The above is our first muster roll, dated December 1st 1861. Additional names of those joining at different times:

James A Check,	JF Whitley,
John Whatley,	Joseph A Thompson,
James W Peck	WH Cashion,
George O. Warner,	George W Smith
BH Booth	Hershell D Spratt,
JS McRea	John A S Gideon,
AW Watson,	Richerd Clayton,
Moore, MF	James H. Dean,
TB Townsend.	Louis Haberman,
Augustus McMullan,	JW Patterson,
Oscar Rogers,	JM Johnson,
Thomas Farr,	Dr. E Williams,
P Butler Hunter	Wiloughby, S J
J Edgar Jarman,	Morgan, James D
Green W Westbrook	Joseph P Pulliam
	EH Lewis

Last Muster Roll of Company K, 27th Mississippi Infantry, at Montgomery, Alabama, February 28th, 1865.

(Those marked P, Present, X, in prison or war, D, detached service; H, sick or in hospital; R, wounded and home awaiting retirement.)

OFFICERS

WA McMillan, 2nd Lt. X
RA Jarman, 1st Sgt. P
Marshall, JW, 4th Sgt. X
Williamson, TD, 5th X

PRIVATE

Bonner, TA H	Whalley, John, X	Puckett, AC, X
Boothe, BH, X	Warner, George O, D	Porter, TS, X
Carr, TW, X	Cladney, JS, X	Savage, ZT, H
Carroll, Jesse, P	Hill, RE, X	Smith, JM, X
Check, James H, X	Jones, RC, H	Smith, JE, H
Colley, JSL, H	Mayes, RL, P	Thraikill, James, X
Cox, RJ, D	McKinney, JB, H	Thompson, Jas S, P
Dean, JH, H	McRea, JS, P	Whalley, W Jr., X
Evans, FM, P	Moore, AW, D	Westbrook, WG, H
Fears, JM, X	Nash, WM, X	White, HV, H
Gibson, BF, X	Peters, RH, X	Gideon, John AS, H.

Dolan
From: The Aberdeen Examiner, Friday, January 31, 1890

(Editorial Matter)

We publish this morning the first and last muster rolls of Company K, 27th Mississippi Volunteers, and a chapter from the history of that gallant command furnished by its last Orderly Sergeant, Mr. Amos Jarman, of our county. Mr. Jarman will probably continue the narrative to the end, and if so a most acceptable contribution to Mississippi's military record will be supplied, for the story of a company well told is the history of regiment, brigade, division, corps, army and country.



J. H. Morris

THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

The Right: Nor Courting Favor, Nor Fearing Condemnation

Aberdeen, Mississippi, Friday, February 7, 1890

NO. 45

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman

The History of Company K, 27th
Mississippi Infantry, continued

While the 27th Mississippi regiment was encamped at Mobile in May 1862, for a few days, we did guard duty around the city and over a lot of East Tennessee bridge burners; then we were put to work on the fortifications southwest of the city at and near the old race course, and given our first lesson in earth works. About the first week in June we were moved south of Mobile, near the bay and on the Shell road just below the first toll gate. Some of the companies were put on batteries out in the bay and others had charge of shore batteries. Company K's battery was near camp and just north of the first toll gate, near Mr. Smith's (I think). We had a fine time bathing after dark, for we were not permitted to go in during the day time on account of travel on the Shell road. Company drill and guard mounting in the morning; battalion drill in the evening at the race course by our then Lieutenant-Colonel Hayes, of the regular army. He had before the war belonged to the United States Marine Corps; he was a fine officer and gentleman and well liked by the regiment. Our Col Jones was at Department Headquarters at this time and we knew very little of him. While in camp here we had a race in each company at guard mounting every morning to see who would be excused from guard duty for clean gun, for the man with cleanest gun in company detail was excused from duty while the detail was on guard. I have known Jesse Carroll, now living in the neighborhood of old Camargo to wrap his gun in his blanket and sleep with it to get released from guard duty next day, and he would generally succeed, for his gun shone like a new silver dollar. I on one occasion carried off the prize, but only a week before I was marched out in the dirty gun squad to the Colonel, but was let off as I had been the day before at work on the breastworks and my mess had let my gun get out of tent, in the ditch, and full of sand during a rain, upon promise never to come up in the dirty gun squad again, which I never did; but I never but once came to the front with the cleanest. While we were camped here, Capt. Sale allowed Mr. W. M. Ogburn to put in a substitute, one Geo. W. Smith, and several others made like attempts, but all failed which caused some

Excerpt, by: R.A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, February 7, 1890

disatisfaction. The favorite pastime of the men during the day was a game of marbles under several large live oaks along the color line of the encampment where we collected during the heat of the day. Here we enlisted Geo. O. Warner and B.H. Booth. The first came to be known as general clerk at the Headquarters of the Army of the Tennessee, for two or more years, which position was secured to him by Capt. Sale, and the latter was one of the main men in the Signal Corps of the Army of Tennessee.

While we were here there was a proposition made for the men to give up their guns and change our organization from infantry to artillery and to be known as the first Mississippi Artillery, and to remain in charge of the batteries we had here erected; but some of the men, I might say the great majority, hooted at the idea, and said the war would soon be over and they would not get into a fight; but I tell you they regretted their choice for they did get fighting to their heart's content.

We left Mobile July 22nd 1862 to join Gen. Bragg and the Army of Tennessee at Chattanooga. We were three or four days en route, and here for the first time, to my recollection, we had a Major to the regiment, in the person of Major Lipscomb, of Columbus, Mississippi. If I mistake not we were sent from Chattanooga to Shell Mound and Bridgeport, Alabama, to do picket duty along the Tennessee river, for about a month before we started on the trip with the army to make the Kentucky campaign, in the fall of 1862. When we started on that campaign we were put into a brigade which afterwards became known as Walthall's brigade, composed of the 24th, 27th, 29th, 30th and 34th Mississippi regiments; and in the fruit of that Kentucky campaign is now known to everyone. We were engaged in the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, where we burned our first powder at the enemy, and all the novelty of war was seen and the men had all the wire edge taken from them thoroughly, and I think about ten were killed and a number of others wounded. At the time of the battle our company was the only one in the regiment armed with rifles, the other ten companies were armed with old smooth bored muskets, and as a consequence we had to do all the skirmishing for the regiment, and it put us in all exposed places, and under fire before the regiment was exposed. Some of the killed here were J.A. Grady, George Lagrone, Jim White, S.J. Willoughby, and I cannot now remember the others.



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THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

The Right: Nor Courting Favor, Nor Fearing Condemnation

Aberdeen, Mississippi, Friday, February 14, 1890

NO. 46

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman

The History of Company K, 27th
Mississippi Infantry, Continued

While upon the subject of the battle of Perryville, I will say that it was here that the 27th Mississippi was first under fire, and nobly did it stand the test. Here it was that Company K did its first skirmishing. While upon the advance movement Company K arrived at a precipice fully thirty feet high. Capt. Sale halted the company and called back to Col. Hays that here was a precipice thirty feet high. Col. Hays responded, "Forward the skirmishers!" which was done, Sale in the midst. When the regiment reached the place Capt. McLemore, of Company B, slipped over the face of the precipice and said, "Company B follow me!" and he was followed by the entire regiment. Here old John, Capt. Sale's servant, was so badly scared that he ran the old gray horse of Capt. Sale back to the wagon train, and when the next day he received a scolding for riding so fast, he said that the horse scared and ran away with him. Here Major Lipscomb was killed and at the time he was the only field officer of the regiment from Mississippi. When the army left the battlefield it was for a retreat from Kentucky, and all our wounded fell into the hands of the Federals except possibly a few only slightly wounded. When the wounded were well enough to bear moving they were carried to Louisville, Kentucky, and put into barracks until they were sent to Vicksburg during the following winter and exchanged.

To prove the devotion of the negro to the southern cause I will state that a servant sent by my father with my brother, J. E. Jarman, and myself, remained with my brother who was wounded here though the right shoulder, and brother Edgar said that never was a man more faithful to any one than Isom was to him; washing and attending to him generally, and while in the barracks at Louisville he was not allowed to see him except at night, but then he always brought some tempting and appetizing morsel from the garrison officers, although before that he had been known to go without his meals all day rather than eat what the boys had picked up in their foraging trips.

The objective point was Knoxville, by way of Crab Orchard, and when the army reached Knoxville the regiment was in a dirty and smoked condition and very tired, and very glad of the few days rest received there and in the neighborhood. There the men enjoyed the luxuries of fine winter apples that they found in the country while foraging for feed for the teams; and pumpkin pies without shortening in the crust were brought to the camp and sold by the old men and women of the country.

We moved from here to Chattanooga and Bridgeport, Alabama, by cars, and after remaining at Bridgeport a few days, moved to a place near Estell Springs, on Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, by rail. On the trip from Bridgeport the writer and some five or six other men went out to gather walnuts near the east end of the railroad tunnel under Cumberland mountains while the engine pulling part of the train pulled out and left them to walk through the tunnell, and I tell you, two men abreast made it so dark in there you could almost feel it. That night we got aboard with the second section of our regiment and rejoined the company just before day.

Our next move was near Shelbyville; from there to Eagleville; from Eagleville to Murfreesboro. On all our marches here we found plenty of walnuts and hickory nuts, for they abounded all through Middle Tennessee. While at Eagleville or Murfreesboro, Lieutenant-Colonel Hays was relieved from our regiment and Lieutenant-Colonel Autery, of Vicksburg or Natchez, was assigned to duty with us.

About the time we left Knoxville, or soon after Capt. Sale, of Company K, was promoted to the rank of Colonel of cavalry and detailed as Judge Advocate at Army headquarters, and Lieutenant W. H. Saunders promoted to Captain. At the battle of Murfreesboro we again lost heavily as we were again the only company to do skirmishing, although another company relieved us at night. We were at the front all day for three days before the battle, and in a thicket to the right of the turnpike that was so thick with vines and undergrowth we could scarcely walk through it. After the battle one could run through it and not stumble, so raked was it by the enemy's cannon. Here at Murfreesboro Cosby, Hollis and J. B. Townsend were among the killed of the Company, and Henry Bradford among the wounded. (I do not now remember all of those wounded or killed). Bradford's wound was from a canister shot across the bridge of the nose between the eyes, and I tell you he came near losing the sight of both eyes from it. The same shot killed Hollis, Cosby was shot in two by a shell; all of this in the thicket above mentioned.

Excerpt, by: R.A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, February 14, 1890

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On the day of the battle, December 31, 1862, the Brigade made two advances; the first time they were repulsed and driven back, but on the next advance the line was so perfect it looked more like a dress parade than a line of battle, and it carried everyghing before it that time in their charge upon the Federal battery about five or six hundred yards distant and through a field to a cedar glade to where the battery was stationed. You can be assured they did effective work when I say in a plumb orchard of half an acre in extent just in front of the Federal battery you could almost traverse the whole field on the bodies of the dead and wounded Yankees.

Here the regiment lost Lieutenant-Colonel Autery, who had so lately come to us, and many of its best company officers and quite heavily of the rank and file. As soon as it was known that Lieutenant-Colonel Autery was dead the regiment almost to a man petitioned Gen. Bragg to again send us Col. Hayes, who remained in command until in the Spring, when field officers were chosen from the company officers of regiments.

We were in the whole fight at Murfreesboro during the week, and in the retrograde movement with the army back to Shelbyville, and where the army finally went into winter quarters late in January 1863.

About this time we lose sight of our first Col. Jones, for some cause I cannot now recall, and I never heard of him again.



THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

The Right: Nor Courting Favor, Nor Fearing Condemnation

Aberdeen, Mississippi, Friday, February 21, 1890

NO. 47

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman

The History of Company K, 27th
Mississippi Infantry, Continued

After the army fell back from Murfreesboro and was established in winter quarters, near Shelbyville, the field and staff of the 27th Mississippi regiment was re-organized by making Capt. Cambell, of Company E, Colonel; Capt. Jones, of Company C, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Capt. McLemore of Company B, Major. Lieutenant W. H. Saunders, of Company K, became our Captain. Lieutenant A. V. Snowden, First Lieutenant, Mr. W. A. McMillan Second Lieutenant. During the winter Mr. McMillan had been detailed and sent home after clothing for the company that had the previous spring been shipped back home to Aberdeen, and I can assure you the writer and whole company enjoyed getting their overcoats and good under clothing after the exposure around Murfreesboro.

On the march from Murfreesboro it was amusing to see the different men in the Company gathering sage out of gardens along the road, so they could enjoy the luxury of a cup of sage tea at night. Just imagine to yourself a whole company drinking sage tea at once. Grand enjoyment!

While encamped at or near Shelbyville I do not now recollect what we did, except drill, unless it was to guard some of the many still houses near there to keep the men from getting as we then called it, "pine top whisky," but since then it has been given the name of Mountain Dew.

While the army was near Shelbyville, and I was at home on sick furlough, the brigade was sent to Lewisburg, Tennessee, about 20 miles from the main army to do outpost picket duty, but some of the men claimed when I got back it was only to furlough the whole of Walthall's brigade and give them a chance to get butter milk. You can imagine that they had a good time when I say after a lapse 27 years some who are now grandfathers laugh heartily at how the brigade and regimental staff officers and all others

who get horses to ride, enjoyed an old fashioned gander pulling before the fair ladies of Lewisburg and surrounding country. The command also had nearly every day chicken fighting for be it known that there were plenty of game chickens around Lewisburg at first, but deponant saith not how many were there when the command left to again rejoin the army at Shelbyville.

I rejoined my company there in June 1863 time enough to be on the retreat from Middle Tennessee. I was detailed with others during that trip and sent to Decard on the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad, to do guard duty, and while here I first rememeber seeing Gen. N. B. Forrest. We remained here until the last train was leaving, when we turned over our position to cavalry and started to rejoin our command at the foot of Cumberland mountains, and helped that night and part of next day to push up the wagon train that was corssing the mountains with us. While on this trip we enjoyed the green apples of the country nearly as well as we did the ripe apples of the winter before. Rations ran short on this trip with us, and when flour was issued to us we made it up on our oil cloths, and some baked it on flat rocks, and some rolled it around their ramrods and baked that way, for our wagons with cooking utensils was not near us.

Before we arrived at the Tennessee river there was a detail sent that brought back to us cooked provisions for one day. We crossed the river above Bridgeport, Ala., and below Chattanooga, on a pontoon bridge, then we traveled near the railroad but on the dirt road from there to Chattanooga, and when we got there we were a muddy, dirty set, for it had rained on us for nearly a week, and we had to wade all the branches and creeks as we came to them; and fortunately for myself I was nearly the only man in the Company that could that night put on an entire clean suit of clothes. I was just from home and had in addition to my own suit for my brother, but he had gone home on wounded furlough and I had a double supply. Nearly the first thing that greeted us after we got in camp at Chattanooga was a veritable peanut stand. Some man in the Company had managed through the teamsters of wagon train to get a couple of sacks of gouber peas, and almost as soon as camp was formed they were offering gouber peas for sale; and as the command had had nothing of the kind for several days, it took one man nearly all his time to serve them out and make the necessary change, and the whole lot was soon sold, but next day and during the time we were there the gouber peas were plentiful in camp. Next day as soon as the men had time to forage around, it was discovered that there was a market garden

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, February 21, 1890

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near us with some three acres or more of long stem blue collards; but they were greens, and the brigade was "hankering" for something of the kind, and it was not very long until we dug up the entire patch; for be it not said that a soldier would eat almost anything in season or out of season. We remained here some 10 days or two weeks, when our brigade was again sent on special detached service in Chattanooga, Tennessee, to Atlanta, Georgia, of which I will speak next week.

R. A. Jarman

the first time in the history of the world, the
whole of the human race has been gathered
together in one place, and that is the
present meeting of the World's Fair.

The object of the Fair is to exhibit
the products of all nations, and to show
the progress of civilization in every field.

The Fair is a great success, and it is
a great honor to be here. We are all
here to witness the progress of the world,
and to learn from each other.

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THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

The Right: Nor Courting Favor, Nor Fearing Condemnation

Aberdeen, Mississippi, Friday, February 28, 1890

NO. 48

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman

The History of Company K, 27th
Mississippi Infantry, Continued

When the brigade left Chattanooga for Atlanta, Georgia, in July 1863 rumor said it was on account of an expected raid from the Federal cavalry on Atlanta, our base of supplies, and the arsenal situated there. We arrived there in the midst of the peach and watermelon season, and the country tributary to Atlanta raises fine peaches, at least it did when we were there in 1863. The different regiments were stationed at various places around the city, and one left to guard the railroad brigade across the Chattahoochie river. Soon after arriving at Atlanta, the command was paid off, so the men could enjoy their money, and they did enjoy investing it in peaches, melons, pinetop whisky and many other luxuries that for some time had been unknown to the soldiers of our command. We had every day nearly, old fashioned peach pies baked in an oven, then we would go to the houses close to camp and engage dinner at times for a whole mess at once, which was generally vegetables, fried chicken or chicken pie, but always ended in peach pie. Then when we got a chance to go to town, which was quite often, we could get peach and honey, and all know its merits too well to discuss them here.

But lo and behold, the day came when it was shown what our real business was there. The bugle sounded and the drums beat the long roll, and we fell in line and marched in a double quick to our positions, leaving only those on duty as camp guard who were on post. A strong picket line was formed around the whole place, when enough men were sent back to make a full camp guard, to care for camp and cook for the pickets. Then orders were issued to let everybody come in, but no one to pass out without a special permit. Then the horses and mules began to come in from surrounding country for the balance of the day and all night, their owners expecting any minute the Federal cavalry to get their stock unless they were brought to Atlanta for protection. Next morning there were details sent out and we began to gather in and turn over to the post quartermaster all the stock found in Atlanta, that the best and most suitable might be retained for



recruiting the artillery and cavalry horses, and mules for the supply train of the Army of Tennessee, for the coming fall campaign. I tell you we at that time got fine carriage horses out of parlors, from sitting rooms, and in one instance from up stairs. One fine spau of horses we thought had some got away, but after the third day, when the pickets were relieved, we found them, accidentally, in a hazelnut thicket in 300 yards of camp. We remained here now only a few days longer, as we had accomplished the purpose we were sent to Atlanta for--the impressment of horses for the army. We left Atlanta for Chickamauga Station and were assigned to Liddell's division, Walker's reserve corps. While at Atlanta my father sent me another servant by the name of Rafe, who at different times hereafter will come up. He has been in Aberdeen for some years as a common loafer, and calls himself Raford Hooks. Pity a good negro should become so worthless.

When we got to Chickamauga Station and were put in the reserve corps we thought that we would have a good time but we learned that in army parlance reserve did not mean reserve at all, but it meant the first in and the last out when it came to a battle.

While here during the last of August and the first of September, we enjoyed roasting ears and corn field beans (not peas). While here, one Sunday morning, Tom Townsend, (the poor fellow had to a certain extent lost his reason, particularly whenever he saw a man stroke his beard or twist his mustache) walked up to Lieutenant McMillan, who was stroking his beard, and asked him why he thus insulted him. Lieutenant McMillan assured him that he meant no insult but to no avail, he had to be sent to the tent until after inspection, when his delusion had left him. He was killed soon after at the battle of Chickamauga; his one fault was his imagining himself insulted; he was a good soldier, but partly demented after the death of his brother, J. B. Townsend, at Murfresboro.

We spent several days before the battle of Chickamauga in chasing after scouting parties of the enemy in the caves and hollows of the mountains, and one day when rations were particularly scarce with us, I had Rafe off at a house near by cooking a chicken pie for the mess, and Jesse Carroll, of the mess, had in his haversack some crackers and bacon that he had brought with him from Atlanta, but when asked to divide, denied having anything. Jesse was put on a water detail and sent about a half mile for water, and in an unlucky moment gave me his haversack to keep until he returned, and while he was gone I called the mess together and we ate everything he had, and when he got back he could truthfully say he had nothing to eat. He reared and cussed, and to me his favorite expressions said, "I wish to G— we would have peach before day, and that he had died



before he was born," but that evening when Rafe came up with a big bucket of chicken pie and roasted potatoes, Jesse got in a better humor, and ate a hearty dinner with us, and began again to accumulate eating for us; but after that he always divided, but would grumble.

Finally on Friday evening, Sept 18th, 1863, we struck the enemy on a left wheel of the brigade, and when the regiments on the right of the brigade struck Chickamauga river, the enemy had crossed over on a bridge and escaped, but we exchanged shots with them at long range. The enemy having the bridge covered with artillery, we faced to the right and went along the river and waded over and forced them to leave the bridge by a flank movement. That night the corps lay on their arms in double lines, one on each side of the road. Next morning while still lying there waiting for rations and water, Longstreet's corps from Virginia, passed in high glee, and said they had come to show us how they fought in Virginia. They came for wool but were nearly shorn when they got back that night, for they caught a Tartar that day. As soon as Longstreet passed us we were called to attention and every man told to examine his gun and see that it was all right. We then marched back on some road we came the evening before a short distance, and again Company K was put on the skirmish line and the order to forward given. We could hear firing, but thought it was cavalry three or four miles off, but we had not gone over half a mile until we found the cavalry; horses and holders, and by the time we got thro' the horses stray balls began fall. Soon we had the order to forward skirmishers double quick, through an open woods with only low post oak bushes about waist high, our objective point being a battery of eight guns in front of us. In our excitement and charge we ran through part of a line of Federal infantry in front of the guns, and I thought our time then had about come, but they surrendered to us and we pushed on to the battery that was just beginning to pay our grape and canister on the brigade that was not more than 75 yards behind us; but J. S. Thompson Bill Wofford, Green Westbrooks and myself, I think between us, killed the last gunner at the battery, when each of us bounced astride of a gun and yelled our loudest, then we turned the loaded guns on the Yankees and gave them their own grape. We could not then get the guns off the field, for all the horses were killed. All of our regiment had been well drilled in artillery, and at that time it came into good use. Every regiment capturing artillery in battle was entitled to the crossed cannon and name of battle on their regimental flag, and that was a grand inducement to get men to charge batteries where it looked like instant death. In a short while the enemy rallied and retook the battery from us then we again took it from them and finally got the most of it off the field. Near this battery that evening word was passed up our line as were lying down that there was a Yankee sharpshooter in a certain fence, killing a man every time he shot, and if somebody didn't kill him

the line would have to move. I volunteered to try and get him, and went some forty steps in front of the skirmish line, where there were some logs lying, asking the balance of my file of four to watch close for me. At first I could not see the man but could see the smoke of his gun, but he soon exposed himself to ram his gun, that was my chance and I fired at him about 125 yards, striking him under the left shoulder blade. He lay in the same place until the next Tuesday when I was over the battle field again. I did not then go entirely back to the skirmish line, but only part of the way and sat down by a large tree with my back to it expecting the line to advance. I had not sat thus very long until a ball struck the tree near my head. I jumped up and looked around and a Yankee and a real live one at that, dodged behind a tree about 80 yards off, then we passed several shots, then I called upon my file to come to my assistance, and nobly did they respond, and for his audacity when he went off the field he carried a minnie ball through his leg, turning summersaults like a chicken with his head off.

Our line remained in the same position until after sundown, when Oleburn's division relieved us and passed over us, pushed forward their line and drove the enemy about half a mile, where they bivouaced, we bivouaced closed by when we were relieved.

During this day's engagement I do not now remember all the killed and wounded; T. B. Townsend was killed for one, and H. D. Spratt was wounded, the shot entering at the knee and was cut out near the hip, and eventually caused his death. Early next morning Rafe was on hand again with something for the mess to eat, but it was mostly roasted potatoes, but they filled the empty stomachs. It seemed Gen. Bragg's idea that hungry men fought the best because they were mad, but after each battle he always fed well. About 10 o'clock Sunday morning, September 20th 1863, we moved from the position we had the night before occupied, towards the right of our line, and where the cavalry were to support us. Nothing worth mentioning occurred until towards middle of the evening, when Company K, was again deployed as skirmishers and the line advanced across the road leading to Chattanooga, where we were as hotly pressed as at any time during the battle.

The enemy struck our line on the left flank and engaged only one regiment or part of regiment at a time, and from our position on the skirmish line, nearly three hundred yards in front, we could see the brigade beaten back regiment at a time. We held our position until our regiment broke to the colors, when began a race with us only equaled by horses on

some famous race course, we were so hotly pursued. When we crossed the road all pursuit seemed to stop, for the Yankees were fighting for a road to escape on. Here it was Gen. Walthall was rallying his men, and here it was that the root was cut that was presented to Gen. Walthall, so full of shot from the battle field of Chickamauga, at the re-union in Aberdeen last fall. I at once, from the description, remembered the place in a small hollow or branch, where he rallied the command, and time enough too to recapture some of our company that was captured on that never to be forgotten race. At this place our muster roll shows that Lt. W. A. McMillan, J. M. Fears, R. H. Peters, Wilson Whatley and John Whatley were captured. Here it was that Gen. Forest, in attempting to shell over our line and shell the enemy, was in fact with his howitzers shelling our line from behind while the enemy shelled us in front; and after we had made the celebrated race above spoken of, to where Gen. Walthall, rallying the command, cursed us and said that as Mississippians we had disgraced the cradles in which we were rocked, and demanded we at once advance on the enemy, and which advance resulted in our re-capturing part of the company.

On this race I saw Lieutenant Ried, of the 24th Mississippi, drop his sword accidentally and he ran back, regained the sword and came out all right. We lay on our arms all night near here, and next morning we had a full supply of rations issued to us, when J. W. Peck and myself were part of a scouting detail sent out to see how many prisoners and what else we could find. We returned to the command about 12 o'clock with some twenty prisoners, and we were also detailed to take them back to the Provost Marshal of army at the big spring, across Chickamauga river, so we that evening and next morning passed over all the ground on which our brigade had fought. On arriving at the Provost Marshal's that night we were put as guard around the prisoners that had been captured during the whole battle. Next morning the Provost Marshall wanted us to go as guard with prisoners to Andersonville, and proffered to send a courier to the brigade to account for us and get a description list for us, but Mr. Peck wanted to hear from his wife, and would not consent, as he had been for a time detailed as non-commissioned officer and put in charge of the detail. We would have had a good time as our servants were with us and had clothes for us. So we were given a special pass to cross the battle field to keep from being arrested as stragglers, and late that evening we rejoined our command going towards Chattanooga.

R. A. Jarman

P. S. -- The reason there is so much of self in this is the impossibility for one man to see all that occurred on a skirmish line from 75 to 150 yards long when he had so much to attract his attention in his immediate front.

R. A. J.

THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

The Right: Nor Courting Favor, Nor Fearing Condemnation

Aberdeen, Mississippi, Friday, March 7, 1890

NO. 49

Excerpt, by: R.A. Jarman

The History of Company K, 27th
Mississippi Infantry, Continued

After we arrived in front of Chattanooga, it was several days before our lines were established in the position that we occupied until the last of November. Our picket line was some distance in front of the line of battle, which was at first formed on top of Missionary Ridge, but later at the foot of the Ridge. While establishing our picket line one night we drove in the Federal pickets so far that we could see the gleaming and flashing of the guns, both musket and cannon, on the forts around Chattanooga. That night, I think, we finally established our pickets in the position held afterwards. We could also hear the long roll beaten, and the Federal wagon train hurrying across Tennessee river on the pontoon bridges all night, for they momentarily expected to be attacked by the whole army, and wanted to have their train where it would be secure. At that time it was thought if we had pushed on that night we could have easily taken the place, for the army was flushed with victory and the Federals oppressed with defeat.

Just after the picket line was established that night the skirmish line was withdrawn and we fell back to the picket line. After this there was no more demonstrations while we stayed in front of Chattanooga, at least on our part of the line that I remember. By mutual understanding between the two armies we ceased to fire at each other on the picket line and this made picket duty much safer with us, for we were in no danger of being shot on the sly either day or night. I now think the agreement was brought about by flag of truce for the exchange of some prisoners still in the hands of each army.

We continued to do guard duty for the month of October, or at least the greater part, when our command was moved back a short distance and the men fixed up more comfortably for a few days, when it was said we would go into winter quarters. While here I received my overcoat and some other things from home, and some money, by the courtesy of a Mr. Drake who had to refugee from Tennessee and had gone to the army to visit his sons in a Tennessee regiment.

We did not, however, remain in this position very long, but our brigade was sent to the front on Lookout mountain to relieve part of Long-street's corps that was ordered to Knoxville; and here it was on Lookout mountain that rations became very scarce during our ten days stay there in November. One day our issue of ratinns consisted of three crackers and about two table spoons of sugar, but thanks to Rafe, who was with the wagon train, we, that is my mess, kept a full supply of bacon on hand for each day. While here on Lookout mountain we did picket duty at the foot of the mountain, on a creek, we called Lookout creek, and near the railroad. While here the two picket lines at many places were not more than forty yards apart. We could see and hear them relieving their pickets, and they could see us. Each party kept fire at the vidette post day and night. We even met half way in the creek, where it was shallow and shoally to swap newspapers, canteens, tobacco for coffee, and I have seen some swap hats and shoes, and talk for half an hour at a time, but this was only when no officer was present on either side.

Well, all good times have to come to an end, and easy picket duty shared that fate, for on November 24th, 1863, we were attacked on Lookout mountain, it was said, by Gen. Grant and his entire army that had just arrived to join Gen. Thomas, from Vicksburg, and the way they swarmed and crowded up Lookout mountain that morning against only one brigade of Confederates, was a sight to see. We were simply crushed by numbers, and it was the tallest fighting I was ever in, for during the fight it was cloudy and a dense cloud settled down over us so we could not distinguish friend from foe over twenty steps. Some of the men that escaped scaled the face of the mountain and some escaped by way of a white house on the side of the mountain, called the Craven house. I came out by the house, and jumped over two cliffs, nearly twenty feet high. Here Lieutenant A. V. Snowden of Company K, was killed, and the following made prisoners: Sergeants J. W. Marshall and T. D. Williamson; privates Jas. H. Cheek, B. F. Gibson, R. E. Hill, W. M. Nash, James M. Smith and James Thrailkill.

We finally left Lookout mountain during the night and camped in the valley between the mountain and Missionary Ridge. During the day it was said the brigade lost more than nine hundred men killed and captured on Lookout mountain, and among the captured was Col. Campbell of our regiment. Next day, November 25th, we joined the main army on Missionary Ridge, but we looked more like a regiment than a brigade, and a small regiment at that. Here we participated in the battle of Missionary Ridge; and during the day I witnessed one of the grandest sights I ever saw, from a high point on the ridge near the centre of the Confederate line. By stretching out my arms from my body and looking from point of hand to point of hand, I could see the combined armies both Confederate and Federal under arms and fighting. I suppose in all nearly 80,000 men, for it was estimated, I think, that Gen. Bragg had with him some 30,000 men. We did not do much fighting that day until late in evening, near sundown, when the lines were broken to our left and Gen. Cheatham ordered Gen. Walthall to form his command at right angle to the Ridge, or across it, and hold it at all hazards.

We quickly formed, and Gen. Walthall in front on his horse telling the men to keep quiet and not be excited (when he was wounded in the foot, but never left the command until we were safe back two or three days afterwards). We made a small charge which checked the enemy for the time and held them in check until after night, when we quietly withdrew our lines, and the army began the retreat from Missionary Ridge. That night a detail was sent ahead to Chickamauga Station to draw rations for the different companies. Tom Farr was the detail for Companies F and K, (we were now consolidated with Company F, but each company kept its own organization) after he had drawn for us he let somebody steal the whole three days' rations. When we came up and found what had been done, Capt. Baugh, Company F, asked for a volunteer detail from the companies of six men to go to station and draw or steal more, and they drew more for Companies F and K than all the talance of the regiment had together. We had so much next morning that the commander of Company L complained to the Colonel commanding regiment, Lt. Colonel Jones, stating that Companies F and K had gotten his men's rations, but when Capt. Baugh explained to the Colonel how Companies F and K came by so much, he laughed and advised company L to ask us for a division; when they asked in the way indicated, Capt. Baugh requested the companies to divide, which they cheerfully did, for we had as much as we could carry, enough to do a whole week, but as we had been on short rations about two weeks, the men packed all they could carry, eating all the time. I for one, had my haversack full, and as much as five pound of bacon and a half bushel of crackers in a sack besides; so you see we were preparing for a long siege of short rations.

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman from the Aberdeen Examiner, March 7, 1890

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The night the army camped on the mountains near Ringold Georgia, J. S. Thompson, P. B. Hunter and myself slept together. Myself of the lower side next to a pole braced against two saplings, Hunter in the middle and big, fat Jim Thompson on the upper side. I tell you it was close sleeping, for I had to wake up Hunter and have him to wake up Thompson before we could turn over, then our fire had gone out, for it was made out of dry chestnut and had popped out because it was not raining, for you know chestnut will go out unless it is raining to make it pop off. Rafe, however, soon had us another fire, for he was with us. Here at Ringold we marched through the tunnel of the mountain instead of over it, and in double file, but one man on each side of the tunnel, and this left the centre open and clear for light. We arrived back at Dalton, Georgia, without anything of interest in which Company K participated, where we finally went into winter quarters in December 1863.

R. A. Jarman



J.B.

THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

The Right: Nor Courting Favor, Nor Fearing Condemnation

Aberdeen, Mississippi, Friday, March 14, 1890

NO. 50

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman

The History of Company K, 27th
Mississippi Infantry, Continued

Eight or ten days after the army arrived at Dalton, Georgia, after the retreat from Missionary Ridge, the army gradually went into winter quarters. I say "gradually," because axes for use in building huts were very scarce with us; about one ax to the company, so only one could build at a time. My mess having two servants we could work while others were getting breakfast. It would have amused you at first to see men driving boards with a pole ax, for we had no frows until they could be made after the blacksmiths set up their forges. But quarters did not bother the men so much as short rations at first, and we began to cast about for some means to splice out our rations. Those of us who had servants and a little money began to write passes for them and send them down into Georgia to get something extra for us to eat, and to sell to others. I sent Rafe and Mr. Peck sent his boy, Henry. Rafe brought back potatoes, flour and molasses, but Henry brought ginger cakes, from Big Shanty, near Marietta. Ginger cakes sold like "hot cakes" and that settled the question as to what it would pay to buy. Mr. Peck about this time happening upon a recruit got a forty days furlough to go home. So Jim Thompson and myself fell heir to his ginger cake trade and kept it up all winter, buying at Big Shanty where they were baked especially for us at \$1.00 each for about the size of an ordinary plate and one-inch thick; we sold at \$2.00 apiece at camps, upon an average of five hundred to eight hundred per week, so you see we turned a nice penny on ginger cakes, and it enabled us to get for our mess many extras that winter. Besides, Rafe brought back nearly every trip for us a bottle of apple or peach brandy and he made upon an average two trips a week, and sometimes three. Towards the last, when the old issue of Confederate money was about to go out or be scaled one-third for all bills larger than five dollars, which act went into effect I think the first of April, 1864, it was no uncommon thing for a man to come and buy fifty dollars' worth of ginger cakes at one time to get rid of a \$50 bill; he would then peddle them around for small amounts and in that way make his money. Bob Mays also kept a cake stand but his only sold when ours were out, as his were baked in large, squares at an Atlanta bakery and shipped in a box to him, getting old and hard before he sold all of them. On the contrary our cakes were always fresh, and when we had them he bought of us to eat.



Excerpt, by: R.A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, March 14, 1890

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While here Captain W.H. Saunders was promoted to rank of Colonel and assigned to duty as Judge Advocate on Hood's corps court martial. He had however been on the invalid list for some time before his promotion, and had not been with us. Here we had sent back to us from detailed service R.L. Mays, J.S. McRea and J.B. McKinney. In a week or so after getting back to Dalton Henry Bradford was detailed at regimental headquarters as Sergeant Major. During this winter several of the men got twenty days furloughs to go home. Among them H.V. Mayfield, who died just as he got home; T.S. Porter, J.S. Thompson, R.A. Jarman, and I think two or three others.

Two or three weeks after we went into winter quarters at Dalton our brigade was detailed to do general fatigue duty with the Post Commissary, in the way of loading and unloading all cars of commissary stores that came to Dalton, and many a time it was twelve o'clock at night when we finished our day's work. But the men generally got full pay in the way of sugar, coffee, and occasionally a ham, sometimes two, a sack of sweet potatoes, on the sly. The Commissary was a Mr. Denison, of the old firm of Denison & George, of Aberdeen, in antebellum times. There was a guard from another brigade, but we always bribed the guard first and helped ourselves afterwards.

In January, 1864, or early February, we were changed from Cheatbam's Division and put back in our old Division, Hindman's, Hood's corps, and of course had to swap camps with another brigade. After that exchange we did not do regular duty at the commissary; only an occasional detail.

About the middle of February there came a snow of several inches, and as there was only a wagon road of some thirty feet between our brigade and Deas' Alabama brigade, we got up a snow ball fight and completely routed Deas' brigade and took possession of the camp. Then after a truce each brigade was formed in line of battle with field officers mounted and proceeded across a creek to Managault's brigade, another brigade of our division, routed and captured them; re-formed anew and started against Stevenson's division with a regular line of battle, skirmishers thrown out, and all, and I assure you it was rare sport that day, as charge after charge was made with only snow balls, and you could have heard the yelling and halloing for miles. When we returned to camp the men were as tired as though we had done a sure enough day's fighting. A few days after this there was a feint made by the Federal troops and we were called into line of battle, when some of the men were so foolish as to fire their quarters as they were leaving, and they repented it in a few days for we returned to the old camp.

During this winter, or rather in the early spring, there was organized

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, March 14, 1890

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a battallion of sharp shooters to do away with the skirmishers. The detail from company K were at first A. L. Baker and R. A. Jarman, but to keep from dividing the masses I exchanged with A. C. Puckett, and Baker and Puckett thence became separated from us in camp but retained on the muster roll. They were drilled separate from us and had no camp guard duty to perform.

As spring began to open we were put to work on ditches and trenches in front of Dalton that were destined to never be used by us, but to perfect us in something that was to bear a prominent part in the campaign of 1864.

R. A. Jarman

THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

The Right: Nor Courting Favor, Nor Fearing Condemnation

Aberdeen, Mississippi, Friday, March 21, 1890

NO. 51

Excerpt, by: R.A. Jarman

The History of Company K, 27th
Mississippi Infantry, Continued

Between the 20th of April 1864 and the first of May, we broke up our winter quarters and moved out to the front and went into camp (using the boards off of our quarters to make shelters) to insure us to the hardships of the coming campaign. While here several of the men had fights with one another for some trivial causes, but they soon made up again, as it was against their nature to stay mad long at a time, besides the other men made all manner of fun of them, and said the spring fights had opened, and wanting to know when they might expect the next round, as they wanted to have skirmishers thrown out and bring it on in grand style, and it would always end in a laugh and make up.

Several times while in camp we were called on to go in support of cavalry, and we were frequently in line of battle but no fighting, although we could hear skirmishing at times in the distance. I recollect on one occasion in front of Dalton, while out supporting cavalry, we came across a large pile of knapsacks that had been piled up and from some cause abandoned by the Federal infantry. Here we supplied ourselves with new oil cloths, and sections of small tents that were of great service to us. We finally retreated back to Resacca, where we had a hard contested fight on the 15th and 16th of May, the first real battle of the Georgia campaign. I do not remember who was hurt here, except J. W. Peck wounded in hip, and myself bruised from spent ball on the shin. It was hot work here, for the Federal line in our immediate front was not over 150 yards off, and they could use their rifles with fatal effect; but we did our best, and I think succeeded in paying them back in kind. Here in the midst of companies F and K, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, of the 27th Mississippi regiment, was killed by a sharp shooter at an old house in our front, but the artillery soon fired it, and we made it very hot for them there with our rifles. The Federals came near smoking us out of our position the first day by firing the woods in our front, and the leaves setting fire to our temporary rail breast works, but that night we dirtied the rails, and did not stand in so much dread the second day. After dark on the night of the 16th of May, we withdrew our lines and fell back, and made no very important stand until on the evening of May 25th, at New Hope church. Although we did no fighting ourselves, we were in the first or second line of reserve and under fire part of the time, and stray shots falling most of the time



If my recollection serves me right, there were some four or five lines of Mississippi troops in reserve, but the brave Georgians in front were fighting for homes, and loved ones they could see fleeing from the invaders and their burning homes (for it was said that two companies in that line were mustered into service, and lived around New Hope church) and they only needed encouragement, and to know that help was near, and well did next day reveal how they used their rifles, from the number of slain in their front. Here, this night, after the battle was over, we met many of our old friends and neighbors that had just joined Johnson's army with Loring's division, from Mississippi. During the next two days, while our lines were getting established, and we were in reserve, on the 27th of May we, with Granberry's Texas brigade, were double quicked to our right to support some cavalry, when, before we could form and close up, faced to the front and in not more than two or three volleys almost annihilated a line of Federal infantry, in some places and in not more than over ten or twenty steps from us, for their guns were empty from chasing cavalry, and they had no idea that a line of infantry was in half a mile of them. In that engagement the Confederate infantry lost only about four five or men. It was said at the time that next day about seven hundred federals were buried from that engagement and some two hundred prisoners taken that night. Next day, May 28th, we were chasing around in support of the cavalry, and late that evening rejoined our division. Several days were spent here in line of battle, when we were again forced to retreat and did it at night, and it was as dark and rainy a night as you would wish to see; and next morning we were all muddy and wet and mad. During the night one of the company, Jim Thompson, I believe stopped in a branch to get some water, after he had taken his drink he found he was standing on a dead horse or mule, and not on a log; but a soldier's stomach was too strong for that, and he laughed many a time afterwards about it. We were in all the engagements with our division and corps in front of Marietta, Lost Mountain and at Kenesaw mountain we had close and dangerous picket duty to perform, and each man was required to carry 80 rounds of ammunition on picket with him, stand four hours at a time and keep up a lively shooting all the time, particularly during the day, and on some of our picket posts the Yankee sharp shooters kept things too hot and lively for a man to get lonesome. There was a North Carolina regiment to our left on the Kenesaw line, and one night I heard a Yankee call over to Johnnie Reb to know what regiment it was on duty there, when he was answered some North Carolina, they, the Yankees, wanted to know if Johnnie Reb had any tobacco to swap for coffee, when answered in the negative, the Yankee asked what he had to swap; Johnnie Reb replied, some of the best rosin he had ever closed his teeth over, then there was a grand laugh on both sides. Many amusing incidents happened all along there, that I cannot remember now while writing, but they frequently come up when I have no means of taking them down. Some time soon after we left the

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, March 21, 1890

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Kenesaw Mountain line, or about the time we left, I one evening saw a duel between two Yankee batteries. At first the one took the other for a Confederate battery, and they put it to each other hot for some time; and during this engagement between the batteries we had to change sides of our breast works, for we found the front safer than behind them. We finally fell back to the line of works being erected north of the Chattahoochee River from Atlanta, and went to work to strengthen them, and the negroes at work on them were sent back towards Atlanta.

After occupying these lines for a short time, the army fell back across the Chattahoochie river, when it was said that we would rest for a few days, Gen. Johnson being relieved and Gen. Hood put in command of the army, and Gen. S. D. Lee in command of our corps. About this time too, there was an election ordered in Company K, for Third Lieutenant, as Lieutenant McMillan was prisoner of war and only Second Lieutenant, no one could be promoted over him. A. G. Powell was elected Lieutenant. During all this campaign Col. W. F. Brantley, of the 29th Mississippi regiment, had been in command of the brigade, and Gen. Walthall promoted to command of a division; Gen. Hindman was our division commander. About this time, or shortly after, Col. Brantley was promoted to Brigadier General, and our brigade was known as Brantley's brigade thereafter.

R.A. Jarman

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THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

The Right: Nor Courting Favor, Nor Fearing Condemnation.

Aberdeen, Mississippi, Friday, March 28, 1890

NO. 52

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman

The History of Company K, 27th Mississippi Infantry, Continued

When it was said at Atlanta that we would go into camp and rest a few days, the men were all very glad, for we had been in line of battle and under the fire of artillery for about three months and thought we needed some rest. H.S. Thompson and myself fixed up a bunk to sleep on out of round poles, then covered it with leaves, then lay down to rest. In a short time we heard the bugle at brigade headquarters sound pack up! pack up! and in a short time we were in motion, to support the troops up on Peach Tree Creek. We did not go into the battle but the enemy's lines were thick at times among us. We remained in that vicinity two or three days then fell back to the inside works around Atlanta. That night, or the next morning very early, Hardee's corps and Wheeler's cavalry went around to the rear of the Federal lines and struck the line near Stone mountain about noon on July 22d, 1864. Their firing was the signal for a general advance along the whole line. That day there were seven or eight companies of the 27th Mississippi put on the skirmish line in front of the Georgia militia companies F and K among them, to support a battery of rifle pieces that was advanced in front of the line. During the morning several Yankees came in and surrendered, saying they preferred captivity to fighting, as they had just heard that General Hood had been put in command of the Army of Tennessee, and they knew that meant fighting. Although the battle did not begin on our part of the line until after twelve o'clock, we were under picket fire all the morning and during the morning Lieutenant Powell, of Company K was wounded and died from the effects in ten days or two weeks afterwards. In the advance of our line as skirmishers through a corn field that day I shot several times into a picket post; I saw some Yankees dodge in and finally called to them to come out and surrender, when two soldiers came out holding up their hands, and when I reached the post found an officer and a private behind it, dead; it was only made of fence rails. I went from the field that day with batch of prisoners, back to Atlanta, turned over the prisoners and returned. About sun-set that night we rejoined the brigade and the brigade took position held that day by the Georgia militia.

It was very amusing to see the militia in battle with bed quilts and pillows and packs large enough for a mule. No old soldier would have

carried such a load--he would have thrown it away. While here part of our company, helped by the artillery company near by, killed a large bull one night, and we had fresh beef a day or two. My pocket knife went with the crowd to kill the bull though I did not, but I received my share of the beef.

We remained on that part of the line until July 28th, when we were moved to the opposite side of Atlanta, in quick time, to the lick skillet road, and that evening we had hard fighting and heavy loss. There were two file closers shot behind me that day--J.S. McRea, across the shoulder, slight wound, and one of Company K shot in the chin. Here T.A. Benner and James H. Dean were wounded and never joined us again. If any of Company K were killed that day I do not now recollect it. We lost Major Kennedy, of the 27th Mississippi, and Lieutenant Colonel McIlvane, of the 24th Mississippi, our commanding officer, was wounded, so he never joined us again. Captain Baugh, of company F, 27th Mississippi being our senior Captain now had charge of the regiment as he was ranking officer and had stood examination for the rank of Colonel, as Colonel Campbell had died in prison. For the next few days we had fighting every day for position, both sides wanting the advantages, which finally culminated in the Federals charging our picket lines August 3d. That day the 34th Mississippi reinforced the 27th Mississippi and retook them. They reinforced and again charged just after a hard rain before we had time to dry our guns and it was hard fighting the balance of the day, part of the line in our brigade using the bayonet and clubbing the musket. After we retook the picket lines at first it forced from six to eight men in picket holes only intended for two, and being short of ammunition the officer of the day did not like to make a detail. As it was a very hazardous undertaking to run out from the picket line he visited the several holes and called for volunteers. I for one volunteered to make the run, and we had to pass under fire for two hundred yards to get out. It was a dangerous undertaking but I considered my chances in running and staying, concluding that running out for ammunition was safer than remaining in a crowded picket hole and it in the range of artillery. I made the run out safe, and when I returned I found two wounded and one killed out of the five I left in the picket hole, and later in the day the other two were captured, one of whom was T.S. Porter, of Co. K, so you see that time a good run was better than a bad stand.

That night we established new picket lines and began to ditch towards each other and when about the last week in August the Federal lines fell back and flanked us out of Atlanta. I stepped the distance between the two picket lines and found it to be only eighteen steps from outside to outside of picket lines in front of our brigade. While in such close quarters there were several men wounded and some killed. R.C. Jones, of company K was wounded. Nearly all the wounded were shot in the head so that most of the wounds were fatal.

Our line of battle was well entrenched with earthworks and in front of them brush and stakes drove into the ground at an angle of forty-five degrees, with grape vines worked in and though them; then more brush and stakes, for some seventy-five or one hundred yards, with a narrow road though for the pickets to pass, and that well guarded. The men called the brush "tangle foot," and the stakes "haver-sack stealers." If the Federals had undertaken to charge, it would have certainly been tangle foot to them. While in line here, about the middle of August, we had another election for third lieutenant to succeed lieutenant Powell who had died from wounds. J. J. Inman was this time elected.

I think we left East Fort, neck Atlanta, when flanked by the Federals on the evening of August 30th, and after an all night march we arrived about noon at Jonesboro, Georgia, where that evening we had one of the hardest fought battles of the campaign. We that evening charged the Federals in their breast works, though a field, and coming to a fence row, some thirty or forty steps from the Federal line, our line halted to rest, and it was fatal to them, for never did they advance again, but were shot down and completely routed. Company K, here lost A. L. Baker, killed; Lieutenant J. J. Inman, wounded and died; H. V. White, wounded and sent to the hospital, and R. L. Mays and J. S. Thompson, both slightly, J. S. Thompson being saved by a knife in his pocket, which was broken all to pieces, and caused the ball to glance, making a slight wound on the hip. We ditched all night preparing for an attack next day, but about daylight, we sent our tools back to the wagons and started back to Atlanta to guard out our wagon train and the artillery left there. We met it late that evening coming out and went on guard, or rather formed a picket line and let the train pass on. Next morning we came in as rear guard, but kept a skirmish line out at the road side and parallel to the road, and I think had to form line of battle once or twice, but no engagement occurred. We went out by way of McDonald, and arrived at the army at a little place near Jonesboro, where, after a few days skirmishing and picket duty, we went into camp to rest for a few days. While doing picket duty here, one day Bob Mayes, of Company K, and others of the regiment, were out on a scout between the two armies, when they captured a Yankee in a field of corn after roasting ears, and they also killed a nice hog that gave us pork, and to keep us from cooking it, orders were issued to have no fires built until further orders. The second day after, Rafe came to us and we all sent our pork off to be cooked, and before we got it back all the brigade had fires and were cooking their meat.

R. A. Jarman

THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

The Right: Nor Courting Favor, Nor Fearing Condemnation

Aberdeen, Mississippi, Friday, April 4, 1890

NO. 1

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman

The History of Company K, 27th Mississippi Infantry, Continued

While encamped near Jonesboro, Georgia, we were mustered and had to make out new muster roll; and it was uphill work to write and nothing to write on. So to make out the muster roll for Company K, I improvised a desk to write on out of round strait poles, and covered it with my blanket, then with my oil cloth, when I had a fairly good desk (we used the same for a dining table), I succeeded in getting my roll right the first time, then making two copies. I helped several other companies to right their rolls, for our mustering officer on that occasion was Capt. Joe Ward, Company L, 24th Mississippi, and also of Aberdeen, and he was very strict.

There in two or three days after going into camp, orders came from brigade headquarters for the men to be drilled two hours in the morning and same in the evening, but the privates and non-commissioned officers of the 24th and 27th Mississippi regiments refused, and every man went to his tent and lay down, and when orders were given to the 29th and 30th Mississippi regiments to arrest us, the 34th Mississippi regiment joined us, and every man loaded his gun and again lay down by it, but sent word to the 29th and 30th regiments if they attempted to arrest us they might expect to fight, and as a matter of course they made no arrests. We began to drill, or at least went out to drill in a day or two. For this all non-commissioned officers were reduced to ranks, but it did not in the least affect Company K, for she had none, either commissioned or non-commissioned. Lieutenant J. J. Inman died of his wound received at Jonesboro. While here there was a flag of truce sent between the two armies, and with it was sent the effects of Capt. Baugh, Company F, rather now Col. Baugh, 27th Mississippi, as he was wounded and captured at Jonesboro, and died in the hands of the Federals, but being a Mason, he fell in with good and true brother Masons, and they sent every dollar of money he had, even his pocket knife and a letter addressed to his mother he had written before he died, all packed together, to care of Company F, 27th Mississippi. How long we staid here I do not now remember, but I remember Gen. S. D. Lee, our corps commander, having each division of the corps marched out to an old field one day, and after forming by divisions into squares, he made a speech to us, and in that speech he said that Hardee's corps could charge and take breast works, and he was determined that his corps should do as much, and he wanted them to understand and act accordingly.

I do not now recollect how long we stayed here, but our next move was when Gen. Hood started to the rear of Sherman at Atlanta. We went across to a little old town then deserted, or rather moved on the Atlanta & West Point railroad to Newman. While here two Monroe county men came to see us one morning, Ira G. Holloway and James Holloway, and when we asked them to stay to dinner with us, they consented if it did not deprive us of our rations, and when assured it would not, they cheerfully accepted the invitation. The day before Bob Mays, while scouting between the lines, had brought a bee gum and help to kill a hog; but the Federal cavalry run them off the hog once, but they went back and got it again, and that morning my servant, Rafe, had come in with about a half bushel of biscuits ready baked and some butter, so you ought to have seen us trying to put on style to our guests. Mr. Ira Holloway said when he saw the spread that it was more than he had seen one mess have since he had been in the army, but he had just come to the army. Our next move from here, I think, was to near Marietta, Georgia, and while there two of Company K, who I will call Allen and Butler, as both are now living in Monroe county on the east side of the river, for fear of hurting their feelings, (but Allen and Butler are their true given names) came to me late one evening, as I was then acting Orderly Sargeant, and said if I would manage to excuse them a while from fatigue duty on breast works we were building there, they would give me some mutton, and being a dear lover of mutton, I arranged to let them go, with some four or five others. After being gone some hour or more, they came sneaking back, muddy and wet and no mutton; but it soon leaked out that instead of sheep they had seen, it was where the beef of some division had been slaughtered and the paunches had been left, and from a distance it looked like a flock of sheep lying down. I will not say which member of Company K was said to have shot a paunch and then jumped on it with a knofe, but suffice to say they had to stop at the branch and wash, and they were a crestfallen set. All the rest of the war we would holler at them every time we would pass a slaughter pen to come up and draw their mutton; we missed our mutton but had a heap of fun. After leaving the line formed near Marietta, Georgia, we bore to the left and went south of Rome, Georgia, and crossed the Coosa river at a little place called Coosaville. On this march one evening we came to a large creek across the road and a lane on one side of the creek we were on, and the dividion was put in double column, one on each side of the road and the men all ordered to pull off shoes and pants to wade the creek, which at the ford was about two and a half feet deep probably three feet, and just as the head of the column started to ford the creek, along came two ladies in a buggy and had to face a whole division of men in their shirt tails, and the whoop that went up along the lins as they passed through could have been heard fully one mile. We filed to our right as soon as we crossed the creek and camped on the banks; that night my mess had slap jacks and molasses for supper. Next day just before we got to the Coosa river we passed in the evening a little school house near the road, and as we passed there were two girls, or young ladies, and one boy sitting the door of the school house and singing "I am a Rebel Soldier," and I heard they were there at dark still singing as our bare-footed squad came by. That night

Excerpt, by: R.A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, April 4, 1890

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when camped at Coosaville, Bob Mays was detailed to guard a sweet potato patch, and when I carried supper to him he had near half a bushel ready for me, so that next day we had plenty of roasted potatoes. Next morning, I think it was, that the bare-footed squad were ordered to the slaughter pen, and there got fresh raw hide to make mocasins, out of, and to turn the hair side in; the boys said that they felt comfortable at first, but when they got hot and dry they hurt the feet, and as a matter of course were then thrown away, but renewed each morning.

Our objective point now was Resacca, Georgia, and when we arrived in front of the place the Federals held the position we had in May, and we occupied their position, but we did not charge the works as they had, we simply held them there while the other part of the army tore up the railroad to Dalton, and captured the stockades near Dalton, held by negro troops, that being done, we filled the gap in the mountain with timber to keep from being pursued too fast by cavalry and artillery, when we turned southwest for Gadsden, Alabama, for supplies. We stayed at Gadsden only a day or two, but left there hurriedly in the evening, with our three days rations only about half cooked. We carried our meat, of course, but the bread stuff was corn meal dough, and had to be thrown away. Next day at 12 o'clock my mess ate up the last of our three days rations, and as we were then on Sand Mountain, it looked gloomy, or as the boys expressed it, starvation stared us in the face as big as a ten acre field. But thanks again to Rafe, he got us a large turkey gobler and about thirty pounds of flour and a canteen of sorgum, and I with some other men on a scout for something to eat, got the sholder of a fresh killed hog, skinned as a matter of course. We cooked the pork and some biscuit that night, dressed the gobler and carried him all next day and roasted him that night at the foot of Sand Mountain, while Bob Mays again got more potatoes to eat with the turkey gravy that we caught while baking in our tin plates. We went on in the direction of Decatur, Alabama, but our command did not go through to Decatur, but were close enough to hear firing there. We struck the Memphis & Charleston railroad between Decatur and Churtland and followed the railroad to Leighton. Just before we got to Leighton, about four miles, I got leave of absence for six hours to visit an uncle there, and here I again got a good supply for my mess in bacon and biscuits. We camped for the night at Leighton, but early next morning we started in the direction of Florence, Alabama, and that evening we crossed the Tennessee river by Ferriage in some pontoon boats, above Florence where there is an island in the river. We ferried to the island, pulled our boats across the island and ferried the other prong of the river. Gen. Sharp's birgade with our division commander, Gen. Edward Johnson, preceded us. While the 27th Mississippi was in the boats the Federal cavalry began to fire on Gen. Sharp's brigade and a few stray shots at us, but Sharpe's birgade soon captured the detachment of cavalry sent against us, and that night we camped in Florence, but it was late when we got there, as it was dark before all of our birgade crossed over. We did picket and guard duty

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, April 4, 1890

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around Florence for some two weeks, and nearly every day or night for part of the time had skirmishing with the Federal Cavalry. Finally, when the drift and high water in the Tennessee river permitted the army to keep up its pontoon bridge, the main army crossed over and rations became more plentiful. Our division was sent out to where the Huntsville road crossed Shoal creek, and early one morning Sharpe's brigade waded over and got behind a brigade of Federal cavalry and routed them and capturing part of their commissary stores gave us for a few days good fat beef. We continued on picket along Shoal creek until the army commenced its advance into Tennessee. While here on Shoal creek the men frequently waded over under the cover of our rifles and gathered corn to bring back with them to a mill on our side of the creek and have it ground. The corn and mill belonged to the same man, but he said he had rather the Confederates had it than the Federals, and besides he got the toll out of it, which if the Federals got it he lost. While out here, we had clothing issued to us at the following very cheap rates for jeans jackets and pants. Drawers, \$3.00; pants, \$12.00; jackets, \$14.00; shoes, \$10.00; socks, \$1.00; blankets, \$10.00; shirt, \$3.00; wool hat, \$5.00; cap, \$2.00. For the last six or eight weeks I had been acting Orderly Sergeant, as there was not a non-commissioned officer in our consolidated company. While on Shoal creek we got from the fields near us plenty of peas, but they had to be got after dark. In my next I will take up our trip to Nashville and back.

R. A. Jarman

THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

The Right: Nor Courting Favor, Nor Fearing Condemnation

Aberdeen, Mississippi, Friday, April 11, 1890

NO. 2

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman

The History of Company K, 27th
Mississippi Infantry, continued

We left our position on Shoal creek, near Florence, Alabama, where we were doing picket duty, about the middle of November 1864, and marched up Shoal creek and joined the balance of our corps. The first town I now recollect of passing thro' was Laurenceburg, Tennessee, and from there on to Columbia. About the second day's march we were joined by Forest's cavalry. They had a few days before taken some Federal transports on the Tennessee river, and many of them had two or three pairs of extra new shoes tied to their saddles, and at first they gave them away to the barefooted infantry until they had only those on their feet, then at night the barefooted infantry stole those they wore; for they said it was no harm for a cavalryman to be barefooted, as he had a horse to ride. When this expedition started, I think it was intended to forage on the country for supplies to feed the army; and at times bread was scarce, and the men to get bread would, as soon as camp was struck at night, fell a large tree and cut a square hole in the body of it as deep as it could be cut with a pole axe, and when the chips were cleaned out nicely, about a pint of shelled corn put in, and we began to pound it with a pestle, slowly at first, then harder after the grains were cracked, and then we sifted out the finest meal; put back the rest and pound again, sift out the meal and then use the coarsest for hominy. We called this going to Armstrong's mill; and it was surprising how soon we could get enough meal for supper, and while supper was cooking we generally prepared enough for breakfast. We also found plenty of Irish potatoes and pumpking, all of which we used. We would buy pork occasionally, and when we could not buy it somebody would go foraging and kill a hog and skin it; but that was dangerous work, for when caught generally a hog-skin cravat was gotten, by taking a piece of hog-skin, cutting a hole in it and sliping it over the offenders head and making him wear it all day with the Provost guard. Some times they would have to carry a fence rail all day in addition to their accountrements. None of Company K was ever caught or had a hog-skin cravat, or carried a rail, but we got our share of meat all the same.

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, April 11, 1890

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When the army arrived at Columbia, Lee's corps, or at least Johnson's division, camped some three or four miles south of town, near the fine farms said to be owned by the Polks at that time. For two or three days then we, that is Johnson's division; were part of the army sent to flank the Federals out of Columbia. We marched east, crossed Duck river on a pontoon bridge, and again struck the turn pike two or three miles south of Spring Hill; but that day our division was guard for wagon train and artillery, but I think we had only ordnance along with us. Our brigade did not get up until after day light next morning, although we could hear firing during the evening and night proceeding, and we had to push the wagons and artillery out of the mud, for we had left turn pikes and traveled across country roads, and they resembled our prairie roads in the winter time for mud. About 2 o'clock that night the brigade was halted and stacked arms to rest and wait for all the wagon train to get together, and we were allowed to lay down and go to sleep awhile. Boy Mays, Green Westbrook, Jim Thompson and myself lay down on a flat lime rock to keep out of the mud, but we did not sleep long, for it was the coldest bed I ever had; we got up and moved to the mud like the rest, and then slept very well while we lay there. We started next morning, November 30th, 1864, and joined our division about an hour by sun, where they had stayed most of the night before, and let all the Federal army pass out on the turn pike in four hundred yards, or less of them. Shortly after joining the division I saw two ladies come into our lines marching a Federal prisoner in front of them, with a musket at "shoulder arms," and you could have heard the shout that went up as they passed down the lines with their prisoner, for miles. It was said by the men at the time, if a line of battle had been formed across the turn pike that night, the probabilities were that the entire Federal army and wagon train might have been captured; but of that I can only speak from hearsay, as we did not get there until after daylight next morning.

During the morning we were joined by the other two divisions of our corps, that came from Columbia along the turn pike with the remainder of the wagon train, when we pressed on to Franklin, Tennessee, and arrived in front of the place late that evening. Again Johnson's division was put in line of battle (and the other divisions of our corps held in reserve) and after dark we were advanced through an old field on the extreme left of our line, next to the Harpeth river, and told to hold our fire until we reached the first line of breast works, as Bates' division were holding the first line of works and were out of ammunition. We did not find Bates' division, but instead, when about forth steps from the works we received a volley of musketry that made a considerable thinning in our lines, but we raised a shout and went at them with loaded guns and carried the works by storm, except where Managault's brigade was; they ran, and left us exposed on our right to a terrible cross fire down our lines that told sadly next morning from the dead and wounded on the field. During the fight we ran short of ammunition, but caught a Federal ordnance bearer from the opposite side of the works and pulled

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, April 11, 1890

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him over to us with a box full of cartridges, about one thousand, when we were again in good shooting fix, and we used it well, to make a noise at least, from the looks of a locust thicket in our front next morning.

Here at Franklin Company K lost J. S. Gladney, captured; J. B. McKinney and G. W. Westbrook, wounded. Here Lott, of Company F and myself had a shooting match with two Federals across the breast works, and at first it looked as if we were to lose, but they had too much tangle leg in them, and we came off winners; the distance was about eight feet. Next morning early, while reviewing the fight and making report to headquarters of killed, wounded and missing, Bob Mays, Company K and Ratlif, of Company B, came in from a scout through Franklin with a side of bacon and box of crackers, which were very acceptable to us, as for the last two days we had been on short rations, and while discussing the crackers and bacon Rafe came in with a supply of biscuits and meat for our mess. We stayed at Franklin all that day, December 1st, 1864 and early next started for Nashville. All along the turn pike we found evidence of the hasty retreat made by the Federals, in dead left along the road unburied, and the number of wagons abandoned wherever a team would give out, and frequently dead mules left to wagons.

That evening we arrived in front of Nashville, and in due course took our position in line of battle, investing Nashville, where we went to work building breast works as if we intended to make a regular siege. We prepared our mortars and again began to pound corn for bread and hominy, and occasionally made a raid on a neighboring hog pen for meat. The men tired of that, so one night four men from the 27th Mississippi borrowed the mules from the tool wagon and visited the supply train, about two miles off, and got three sacks of flour and a side of meat, and the representative of Company K in this raid furnished us with biscuit for several days. Rafe rendered us valuable assistance by foraging for us, but McRea's servant, Bob, deserted and went over to the Federals, while Rafe stayed in line of battle except when foraging.

Finally, on December 15th, the Federal commander at Nashville, being heavily reinforced, sallied forth and attacked our lines on the right, and our position being near the centre, our division was double quicked to support the line where it was attacked. In this battle, T. W. Carr, Company K, was captured, and if any were wounded or killed in Company K, do not now recollect it. That day I had to part company with my old and trusty rifle that I had carried and used so long, for the hammer was blown off; but I soon got another of the same caliber--an imported "Tower" rifle--that served me well; but it was longer and heavier than the one I had been using.

That night our lines were reformed, and we were this time near the right of the line, and as the battle progressed on December 16th, we were moved to support the extreme right of our lines, and while we lay here in reserve behind

a hill, it seemed as if the Federals were shooting crooked cannons from the forts and batteries in Nashville, for they could throw their shells right in our midst, and from killed and wounded men and horses, a small branch in our rear ran red with blood, that is bloody water. Finally, late in the evening, with but little fighting on our part of the line, our line broke, then stampeded to our left and to the left of the Franklin turn pike, and we were forced to retreat by marching east instead of south, and it finally became dark so we were not pressed hard; but they pressed hard on those that retreated by the turn pike. After dark Gen. Brantly pressed a guide and put him in charge of six men, with orders to shoot him if he betrayed us to the enemy. He piloted us out safe, and we struck the turn pike five or six miles from Franklin, and in rear of where the Confederates had again formed line of battle. Up to this time we had no straggling from our brigade, as all feared capture, but when the men found out that a line of battle was between them and the enemy, they began to straggle and when stopped south of Franklin, after midnight, there were only four men in the consolidated company to stack arms, and when rations was brought to us we had a full supply, and when Rafe came to us from the cook wagon, we had four our mess as much as we cared to pack with us next day. Next morning the stragglers began to come in early, before we got up, for they were hungry. That evening we were camped near Spring Hill as rear guard, and during the night a squad of Federal cavalry dashed through our lines, but did no damage that I now remember. We were in the rear until we crossed the Duck river at Columbia. Here at Columbia we rested one day, and during the day it rained very hard. When we left Columbia for Pulaski, we were put with the pontoon train as guard, and ordered to push for the Tennessee river. When we got to Pulaski in the evening, it was sleetting, and next morning the ground was covered with snow several inches deep. We were camped that night on a high hill, with nothing to make fires of except green beach and gum; but we moved rails from a distance of near half a mile to make fires, and when we once got good fires burning we soon got comfortably warm. Some of the regiment that were noted foragers, that night, slept in hen houses in Pulaski with the intention of getting chickens next morning, but the chickens beat them up and they lost their game for that day. We did not go far next day; only passed Pulaski and crossed the Elk river, a short distance. Next morning we began the retreat in good earnest. The night before we got back to Shoal creek a colored driver in the supply train brought to our mess a side of meat and some flour, and wanted his supper. He said he could get supplies, but could not cook it; and it was very acceptable, for that night we had only Irish potatoes for supper; but it was a bad chance to cook flour with nothing to bake it in, so we boiled some meat and potatoes together until about done, when some one suggested that we have what they called at his home "dрап dumplins," which was to make the flour into a batter for flap jacks, and while potatoes and meat were boiling, to drop in a spoonful of batter at a time, and we eventually stirred the whole together, ate supper that night, and next morning for breakfast, in cutting it out of the camp kettle, we got

meat, bread and potatoes all in the same slice. We arrived at Shoal creek about the middle of the evening on December 24th, 1864, and about four inches of snow on the ground, and were ordered to wade the creek. Some rolled up their pants but as soon as the icy waters touched their naked legs they came out of it and no persuasion or coaxing could get the brigade in until Gen. Brantley's horse stepped on a slick rock in the creek and fell with him, ducking him good, then the men took to the water like ducks, laughing as they went. The water very, very cold; but there was a row of fence fired for us to warm by on the south bank. After warming a short while we were told for every man to get a piece of fire, as we were going into camp for the night, close by.

Next morning we were up by time and marching for the Tennessee river, where we began at once to put in a pontoon bridge, just below the shoals in the river where there used to be a little town called Bainbridge. The first thing done was to lash two or three pontoon boats together and use them as a ferry boat to cross over some artillery and horses to go towards Florence and protect our bridge from Federal gun boats until the army could cross. We had the bridge completed by 3 o'clock that night, when at once the wagon train started over.

While here in the flat on Tennessee river and the whole army ;camped on the bluffs above, it looked like a hard place to forage at; but one of Company K, and three other men of the regiment went foraging; one of the men was barefooted too; that night from cavalry headquarters of Gen. Jackson's they got a pair of boots that fit the barefooted man, a sack of flour about 50 pounds, and camp kettle of beef off the fire. After the wagon train and most of the infantry had crossed over, our division was crossed over on Tuesday, Dec. 27th, and as soon as the division was over I got leave of absence for 24 hours to visit my paternal grand mother who lived about four miles off. I got to grand ma's just after dinner, but had a good dinner fixed for me and left next morning, rejoined my command at Cherokee, below Tuscumbia on the Memphis & Charleston railroad after dark that night, when I called for Company K. and Reid Company F. who had carried my gun and accoutrements for me, poured out the contents of my haversack, and after supper pulled out several twists of home-made tobacco and then for a smoke by all hands. We continued down the M. & C. railroad to Burnsville, where we crossed over to Rienzi on the M. & O. railroad. While at Burnsville we were mustered, but I do not know what became of the muster rolls made here, in fact I don't recollect now of writing them. When we got to Rienzi it was reported that we would go into winter quarters near there, and on the strength of it that morning we sent out scouts for supplies. Adjutant Crump and Capt. Pegg commanding the regiment furnished their horses for some of Capt. Pegg's Company ;to ride. The men were gone all day and night and it looked as if

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, April 11, 1890

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we were to have to report them as deserters, but next morning just as we were reporting after the first hours march, the four men came in, such to our relief. The evening before several men were scouting or rather foraging and furnished us with plenty of pork. We continued our march south along the M. & O. railroad until we reached Tupelo, Mississippi, where several companies from North Mississippi in the brigade received a furlough for ten days. I also furloughed Rafe and sent him home to get clothing for Company K.

R. A. Jarman

The Aberdeen Examiner, Friday, April 11, 1890

NO. 2

The surviving members of Company K, 27th Mississippi Regiment,
are requested to meet at W. A. McMillan & Son's, Saturday, May 3, 1890,
at 12 m. to take some steps to have a re-union of the Company in July.

R. A. J.

THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

The Right: Nor Courting Favor, Nor Fearing Condemnation

Aberdeen, Mississippi, Friday, April 25, 1890

NO. 4

Excerpt, by: R.A. Jarman

The History of Company K, 27th
Mississippi Infantry, Continued

The first night that we were at Tupelo, we camped east of the railroad, but next day we moved west of town and went into camp, where it was said we would go into winter quarters and rest and recruit up. But, Company K was tired and determined not to do any more work than absolutely necessary for comfort. So we split a large poplar log and turned the halves up edge-ways and stretched out Yankee dog-tents over it and filled up with leaves to make a bed, and just had a camp fire in front. After we had been thus in camp for five or six days, we all petitioned for a ten days furlough. In a few days there was a general order issued to give ten days' furlough to all that could get home in the regiment and brigade, the furlough to be signed only by Brigade commander. I went to work and wrote out for Company K, and so dated our furloughs that we got eleven instead of ten days, and it was not discovered by Gen. Brantley until he had signed them, when he laughed and said he would let it go, but see that no one else caught him.

So late in the evening of January 19th, 1865, we all left camps with our furlough dated to begin next morning, and started home a-foot, as there was no regularity in the trains on the railroad, but all fell out by the time we reached Verona, except J.S. Thompson and myself, of Company, and two of Company A, that were from Oktibbeaga county-Sansing and Livingstone. When we got to Okolona, Thompson left us and went across the country home, and here Sansing, Livingstone and myself built a fire to sleep by; but before we went to sleep, Livingstone went a foraging among "butter milk rangers," (home cavalry) that were camped in some old cars close by, and stole enough for our supper. Next morning before day, I started home alone and got there about an hour by sun.

While camped at Tupalo, I lost a diary that was very full, that I had kept of the whole Georgia campaign, and our trip into Tennessee, and if I now had it, it would be very interesting.

Next day after we left Tupelo the army began to move to North Carolina, and instead of rendesvouzing at Tupelo, we rendesvouzed at Meridian, the first of February, 1865, and remained there, I think, until the 19th of February, when, with Gen. Sharpe's brigade, we moved to Montgomery, Alabama, where we were encamped out beyond the State House, and were told not to cut any timber in the woods where we were, as it belonged to a crippled Confederate soldier, and that there would be wood hauled us. At first wood was hauled us, but we soon found out that the land did not belong to a crippled soldier, but to a man that had on his gin breast, in large brass letters, "Hon. Bolen Hall;" but we did not think him honorable, for while we were there, there was a long rainy spell, and it rained very hard, and he would not even let the men at night sleep under his gin house, or in it, and the two brigades, when they found him out, and all about him, eat up his market garden. While here at Montgomery, we were mustered, and had to make out our muster rolls. Then Lieutenant Welch, of Company L, 27th Mississippi, and myself put on our nicest clothes, blacked our shoes, and went to Mr. Hall's house and asked for the use of a table in his back hall to write on, when we were told that his daughters were at home that day, and to come next week and he would accommodate us. When told the urgency of the case, he said his daughters were at home, and shut the door in our face, and then we were forced to go more than a mile, through a hard rain, to Montgomery to do our writing. And when, after the surrender, we came home and saw that the Federal cavalry had been there and burned his gin house and cotton bales for him, no one felt sorry. After this Bob Mays went to see the post quartermaster, Capt. Lanier, and as he had at one time been wagon master for Capt. Lanier, he loaned us a good new wall tent and sent it to us; then Company K, was all comfortably sheltered, as there was only six or seven present. When we left Montgomery, March 9th, 1865, (I think my record shows, but it is so blurred and dimmed with age, and being in pencil, I cannot give it as the right date for certain), Capt. Lanier sent a dray after our tent, and also got a box containing our overcoats and other heavy winter clothing, promising to send it to us next winter, wherever we might be, free of charge; but before another winter came, we were at home as quiet citizens, and besides the Federal cavalry had captured Montgomery and burned the warehouse in which our clothing was stored. The morning we broke camps at Montgomery it began, and by the time we arrived at the West Point depot, it was raining nearly in torrents, but we went along with a shout, and when we finally boarded train nearly all of us were wet. Our route was by Opelika, Alabama, Macon, Georgia, Milledgeville, Georgia, on by way of Sparta, Mayfield to Camak, where we took the cars for Augusta, where we arrived that evening and marched through the city during a very hard rain, and that night camped across the Savannah river, in Hamburg, S.C.

Next day, March 17th, we remained in camp, and many of the men had the privilege of visiting Augusta, among the number, myself. Here we found the prices of everything very high. I recollect of having \$300 offered me by a shoe maker for my boots, but he asked me \$400 for a pair of shoes, and he actually charged me \$30 for pegging my boot in the instep where it had ripped. In pricing some provisions, meal was selling at \$60 per bushel; meat \$2.50 to \$3.00 per pound; so you see, A confederate soldier could not buy much on \$11.00 per month, and when rations were scarce, it forced him to forage for his supplies. Next day we left Hamburg, and I cannot tell, from the worn condition of my memoranda, how far we marched, or by what places we went. We crossed Saluda river, I think, near Ninety-Six, of Revolutionary fame, on the railroad bridge and as we went from the river bottom to the hills, where there was an arch of evergreens spanning the road, and the men were invited, if time permitted, (and you know a soldier always had time to get something to eat), to fall out and go to the house near by and get something to eat, for it was the intention at first to hand a snack to every man as he passed, but it was just raining in torrents, Bob Mays, from Company K, however, fell out and brought us back a full haversack of nice eatings. I would have gone myself, but I was First Sergeant, and had, at the time, command of six companies of the regiment, for the regiment was divided into two companies, for convenience; among the other five there were two or three commissioned officers, but not one in our six. We went into camp about three miles from the place above spoken of. Next day, March 22nd, we marched 19 miles, passed Cross Hill and encamped. During the day, as we were passing a farm house, an old lady said, "if I had known all you soldiers was to pass here, I would have given you a dinner, if it had taken a whole hog." Little did she know of the eating qualities of a soldier. On the 23rd we passed Laurens Court House, South Carolina, and the memoranda says we saw 450 ladies, and I reckon it was true, for the streets were lined with them passing plates of nice things to the men, (God bless them), for they certainly knew a soldier loved to eat, they also gave hats, hankerchiefs, etc.; for we were the first lot of real live soldiers, I expect they ever saw.

March 24th, we marched 16 miles, passed Mount Shoals, next day marched 16 miles and passed Glenn Springs and Jamesville, Sunday March 26th, marched 16 miles and passed Board river. After we went into camp here, near Broad River, we began robbing, or rather foraging, and came back laughing because we would go with him he had found a good thing for the mess. They said the wife to be gone until after dark. Rafe palmed him off as a negro; the owner of the farm they had gone to. They asked a heap of questions, Rafe had drilled him, and finally satisfied the negro foreman that he agreed as to his identity, when they fixed him up a nice supper, and went to sleep in, while they killed four old hens and baked them, and about a dozen biscuits, and a quantity of hard boiled eggs. About midnight Bob and I got up, back laughing, and showing their trophies of that night's foraging.

THE ABERDEEN EXAMINER

The Right: Nor Courting Favor, Nor Fearing Condemnation

Aberdeen, Mississippi, Friday, May 2, 1890

NO. 5

Excerpt, by: R.A. Jarman

The History of Company K, 27th Mississippi Infantry, Continued

Since writing the chapter for last week, I have received a letter from a dear friend and fellow-soldier, or rather a comrade of Company K, saying he very much enjoyed the history, and over some parts he felt like crying, and over others he was bound to laugh, but said to hold up and not tell too much. So now, I intend to make this a final wind up, for I would not intentionally hurt the feelings of any old comrade of Company K, and I don't think I have told anything for any one of them to be ashamed of now, at this late date.

March 27th, 1865, we left our camp on Broad river, at one o'clock p.m., marched 9 miles, and next day marched 14 miles to Chester, South Carolina. While there we saw what were said to be the lithograph stones (I believe they were called) that were used by the Confederate government to print the bonds and currency with which to pay the troops, purchase supplies, etc., and from the pile, more than a car load, it seemed as if they might have made it fast enough to keep from being behind with the troops, for we had not been paid to a later date than June 3rd, 1864. So you see it must have been patriotism instead of money the poor Confederate fought for.

March 29th, we boarded the cars at Chester, and that day went to Saulsbury, North Carolina, next day we traveled all day in the rain to Greensboro, and you can imagine it was anything but pleasant to be crowded in an old box car a day and night and it raining hard most of the time. To-day we passed and had a hand-shaking with part of Company K, that had been prisoners of war at Rock Island for about sixteen months and were on their way home after being exchanged, and I tell you it felt like meeting a brother who had been long absent, besides we hoped to soon have them back with us, for we were hardly a corporal's guard present for a whole company. But our hand-shaking and taling were short, for both trains were on the move soon, in opposite directions. Next day, March 31st, we passed Raleigh, N.C., and that night camped at Smithfield, North Carolina, and this was another day of constant rain.

Excerpt, by: R.A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, May 2, 1890

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While our train was at Raleigh, we took aboard with us a few Mississippi troops that had been cut off from their command at the battle of Bentonville, about two days before, and had just made their way back to Raleigh. While we were stopped at Raleigh, I went out to hunt something to eat for the mess, and made out buy three biscuits at one dollar each. That night at Smithfield, I got on the good side of the sergeant of the guard who was guarding the box that had our commissary stores in it, and got a shoulder and side of bacon, and a peck of meal, and then he came and ate supper with us about eleven o'clock at night. The meat was so small that shoulder and side were cut together and both did not weigh over ten or twelve pounds, and we ate the most of it that night, for we had been on the cars and on short rations for the past three days, with no chance to forage.

April 1st, we marched out from Smithfield and rejoined our division, after an absence of two months. The momoranda says nothing of interest the next two days, when on April 4th, it says "grand review of the Army of Tennessee," but it does not say who by, but I suppose by Gens. Johnston, Beauregard and Hood. For the next few days nothing of interest transpired only our daily drill, morning and evening. It put duty pretty hard on me as Orderly Sargeant, to make report for six companies, and attend to all other duties as First Sargeant, and then to have to act as drill master, for as yet we had no commissioned officer among us. April 10th, we broke camp and marched out when there was a general re-organization of the army. The 24th, 27th, 29th, 30th and 34th Mississippi regiments were organized into one regiment, to be known as the 24th Mississippi regiment. Company K, and others to the number of about forth, was known as Company F, Capt. Wilson of the old 34th, Captain. I do not now remember the First Lieutenant; I was promoted to Second Lieutenant. Capt. Jack Evans, with two Mississippi companies from an Alabama regiment, was Company A, in the new organization. Capt. Williamson, of the 29th Mississippi, was made Colonel; and for some reason, I do not now remember, he was generally called by the men "Old Step High." Capt Dancey, of the 24th was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and he was a very nice and pleasant gentleman; previous to this, he had been with Gen. Brantley as staff officer for some time. I cannot now recall to my mind who was Major of the new organization. Gen. Deas' Alabama brigade was formed into a regiment and put in the brigade with us, Gen. Brantley commanding. Gen. Brantley (now dead) was known to the brigade as "Bull of the Woods." I think Gen. Deas commanded the division, consisting of Brantley's and Sharpe's brigades. After the re-organization it was said we woud go into camp again where we were, but in less than one hour the bugle sounded, and in a short time we were put in motion towards Raleigh, where we arrived next day. The next day, I think it was the 12th of April, we heard Gen. Lee had surrendered to Gen. Grant. We continued our march back to Greensboro, where we arrived on April 16th and went into camp at and around the Court House, and here on the doors we saw an official notice posted of the surrender of Gen. Lee. We were here put on

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, May 2, 1890

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guard over all public property, both Confederate and State of North Carolina, and to keep down all rioting and disorders of every character. We kept the streets around the different supply depots guarded day and night, permitting no one, unless with a pass, to come in. I even saw what was said to be the gold and silver, in boxes and kegs, loaded in wagons, and under strong cavalry guard, start South. We here received \$1.15 per man in silver, and later on some received more. I here got a good pair of what was called English army shoes and enough nice Confederate grey cloth to make me a suit of clothes when I got home. Some went nearly every night to headquarters and asked Gens. Johnston and Beauregard what would be done. The memoranda says on April 21st, Gen. Walthall and Gov. Vance made speeches to us. On the 27th of April we were notified that we had been surrendered to the Federal army, and two days later we stacked our arms around the Court House at Greensboro, and marched out and gave possession to the Federal advance guard. While here it was necessary to keep a strong guard at the government stock yard to prevent the mules and horses from being stolen, and there was a detail of 20 men from our regiment for the purpose, and Bob Mays, of old Company K, was among the number, and when we left Greensboro, each man of them was given a horse or mule to ride home. Bob Mays called his horse "Abe Lincoln," and when rested up he was a very good horse. Here at Greensboro there was a large map of the United States hanging on the wall of the Court House, and I daresay it was consulted oftener while we were there a few days than it had been in as many years before; the men with strings and straws trying to compute or measure the distance to be traveled to reach their respective homes again. After April 30th, 1865, my memoranda is strangely silent, for I do not know why I stopped writing, but I know that we marched together as a command, with roll call and all, until we reached the railroad from Columbia, to Abbeville, South Carolina, where all Company K called for their paroles, and took cars to Abbeville, then walked across to Washington, Georgia, then by cars to Atlanta, and on to West Point, Georgia, then marched to Montgomery, Ala., as the railroad had been destroyed by Federal cavalry. Twenty-five miles from Montgomery, I was taken sick and had to lay over two days, and all of the company left me except Rafe, and when I got to Montgomery, I found all had passed thro' and had gone home except Frank Evans, and as he had left me, I left him here to get home as best he could, and have never seen him since. All the rest of Company K that were present I have often seen, and besides all those nearly that I now know to be living.

With this article I will close; but some want me to go over and review my pieces; others want me to take up the personnel of the Company, and still others think I did not say enough about a brother or friend, wounded or captured

Excerpt, by: R. A. Jarman, from the Aberdeen Examiner, May 2, 1890

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at a certain place, or speak of a certain deed of daring of a friend or brother. To all such I say that I have, in a brief way, tried to describe some few things, as seen and recollect by myself, and after my attention has been called I then recollect what they are speaking about. If I have written anything to wound any ones feelings, I humbly beg pardon.

But now Mr. Editor, the half of the good things, laughable things, and also sad things, have not been told; but I think I had better stop.

R. A. Jarman

Excerpt from the Aberdeen Examiner, Friday, May 2, 1890

ISSUE NO. 5

Editors' Note:

"No member of 'Company K,' or old comrade of Lieutenant Jarman, will regret to part company with the able and interesting chronicler of the 27th Mississippi regiment more than the editors of the EXAMINER. We have read every line he has written, with interest, and in this history have found the rehearsal of a hundred scenes that are paralleled in every ex- Confederate's reminiscences. Jarman has told a tale that has fanned into life smouldering embers in many a Southrons memory, and his letters have been read by brigade, division and corps commanders with as much interest as by the rank and file of 'Company K.'" (Eds. Examiner.

